As musing the Enthusiast lies upon a mossy steep:

Published by Longman & Cº Feb.ʸ 1.1808.

THE

RURAL ENTHUSIAST,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By Mrs. M. H. HAY.

Oh nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,
Next to that power, who formed thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light though I should miss renown.

COWPER.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. M'CREERY,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY,

WHOSE VIRTUES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

REFLECT LUSTRE

ON

HER EXALTED RANK,

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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THE

RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS on Superstition.—The effects of true Religion mingled with a contemplation of the works of Nature. —The character of the Enthusiast.—His stroll through the Village.—The Village Children.—Their happy state.—The Enthusiast reviews his youthful days—and moralizes on greatness.—Noon.—A view of rural Life.—The Enthusiast returns to the domestic circle.

THE RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

CANTO I.

To sing of Superstition's rage,
Suits not my rural strains;
It saddens the historic page,
And the long record stains
With deeds, which phrenzyed zeal inspired,
And wild imagination fired
To spread destruction wide:

But of that animating power
Which leads to actions great,
Or can in pale affliction's hour
Such mental bliss create,
As soothes the soul, and bids it rise
With brighter glory to the skies,
When warned to leave this earth.

'Tis nature's study can unfold
The best—the noblest views;
For minds so tinged can soon behold
The lessons which she strews
In every wild, in every place,
Where the Creator's hand they trace,
And true devotion feel.

CANTO I. *Mental composure.*

The Muse thus warmed by Nature's theme,
The Christian would display;
Not warped by the mad zealot's dream,
But lighted by the ray
Of mild religion's hallowed truth,
In the full prime of manhood's youth,
'Mid scenes of rural life.

Though pangs of agony may wring
The enthusiast's glowing heart;
Where all those sacred pleasures spring,
The world can ne'er impart,
Nor can its jarring ills destroy
The calm composure of his joy,
When 'midst loved nature's scenes.

Behold him on the village green
Delighted, stand to view
The artless mirth which there is seen,
Adorned by health's fine hue;
The aged group or infant race
Alike illume the enthusiast's face,
With kindly glowing love:

Or see him at the cottage door,
Or by the village stile,
The wants of poverty explore,
With true benignant smile;
Patient he hears old peasants tell
The story long, on which they dwell,
With garrulous delight:

Till lisping children come to claim
The apple or the pear;
When fondly gazing, he'll exclaim,
As each his bounty share,
" Sweet little prattlers, could I view
" Mankind as innocent as you,
" As happy and content."

But ah! my lovely babes, too soon
Thy dawn like rosy morn,
Will fleet into its garish noon,
And leave thee many a thorn;
For though hope tells of many a rose,
The blossom which so sweetly blows,
Like twilight fades away.

Thus to himself the enthusiast sighs,
And wanders slowly on,
Musing on other days so prized;
But ah! those days are gone,
The sunny days of frolic youth
When all seem'd happiness and truth,
Can never more return.

He sees that smile of cherub grace
His little sister gave,
When she obtained in frolic chase
The flower she oft would crave;
That sister now sleeps with the dead,
While wilding flowers still rear the head,
But never more for her.

CANTO I. *Early friendship.— School companions.*

He sees the brother of his heart,
A beauteous rosy boy,
Through the gay ring of playmates dart,
Elate with mirth and joy;
But various hardships doomed to brave,
In manhood's bloom he found a grave,
Far from his native home.

The village school attracts his eye,
He marks the chosen few,
The dear companions standing bye,
And memory brings to view
The favorite walk, the favorite game,
When first the noble generous flame
Of friendship fired his soul.

For there the boy he most admired,
His school-day little friend,
Whose skill the happy group inspired,
And taught them to contend
With noble ardour for the prize;
He now, alas! can but despise
And banish from his heart.

Let not the glare of rank and state
Obscure the ray of truth,
Nor man 'mid worldly honours hate
The humble friend of youth;
O can the polished life impart
Such poison to the human heart?
Alas! how frail is man.

Then rather let me freely roam
Far from the joyless haunts,
Where splendour rears the stately dome,
For which ambition pants;
Oh! let me fly each gaudy toy,
They every better thought destroy,
And leave no joy behind.

No cherished recollection throws
A sweetly soothing charm
Into such hearts, when human woes
Their fortitude disarm;
Nor can their bosoms ardent heave
The wants of mis'ry to relieve,
And succour virtuous worth.

The proud unmeaning sons of wealth,
Who run the giddy round,
Regardless of their time and health
At last are wretched found;
The friends of yesterday no more
In gilded trappings croud their door,
When misery assails.

Alas! what store of heartfelt bliss
The rich and great forego,
In such a chequered scene as this,
What happiness bestow;
The poor how often might they aid,
And bring forth merit from the shade,
Where it is left to pine.

CANTO I. *Rewards of benevolence.—Noon.*

Benevolence, all soft and mild,
Thy pity, ah! how sweet,
To Poverty's afflicted child
In the obscure retreat;
Oft shall the fervent cottage prayer,
To Heaven thy gentle deeds declare,
And call a blessing down.

Oft loves the Enthusiast to recline
At the still hour of noon,
Where rustic groups contented dine
Almost on nature's boon;
The barley cake, the milk and cheese,
Their uncorrupted taste can please,
Better than sumptuous fare. *

* The fare of the peasantry in the North, is more simple

The husbandman retires to rest,
And shuns the sultry hour,
By show nor grandeur ne'er opprest,
His joys they cannot sour;
His treasures spring from every field,
They all his rural comforts yield,
His joys he finds at home. *

At thought of home the Enthusiast views
The distant curling smoke

than that of the same class in the southern counties. The bread commonly used by the northern cottager, consists of a mixture of the meal of barley and peas.

* "There are few occupations more adapted to yield a rational delight than those of husbandry, as well on account of their utility as of their suitableness to the primitive dignity of our nature. The culture of the ground was the original employment of man."

Bates's Rural Philosophy.

Ascending 'mid his native grove,
A grove of ancient oak;
When down the sloping daisied mead
He hastens with a pleasing speed,
To join the social board.

" The mind illumined," circle meet,
Where friendship's social glow
Anticipates the *mental treat*
Each bosom can bestow;
The converse sweet steals soon away
The summer's noon, till closing day,
Brings on the evening hues.

ARGUMENT.

EVENING.—Its pleasing effects on the landscape.—Its delights to the Rural Enthusiast.—The quiet of rural Life contrasted with the bustle of the City.—Milkmaids.—Hamlet Maid.—The Peasant returning with his dog from his labours.—The approach of sun-set.—The Enthusiast's wood-walk—Reflections on wantonly destroying the lives of birds. Charmed by the beauties of nature, the Enthusiast is led to reflections on Nature's God, and the uninterrupted happiness of a future world.

THE RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

CANTO II.

THROUGH all the scene at glowing eve
The Enthusiast loves to rove,
Where oft the plundered ring-doves grieve,
And where the op'ning grove
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Carols aloud the varied lays
By Nature's voice inspired.*

* "It might be supposed that the scenes of nature, an amazing assemblage of phenomena, if their effect were not

In pensive, pleasing, tender mood,
He steals away unseen,
Not sullen o'er life's cares to brood,
But from the world to wean *
A mind which oft has felt its ills,
A mind which recollection fills
With dear departed friends.

lost through familiarity, would have a powerful influence on all opening minds, and transfuse into the internal economy of ideas and sentiments something of a character and a colour correspondent to the beauty, vicissitude, and grandeur, which continually press on the senses."

Foster's Essays.

* "In his solitary walks and meditations he may acquire and strengthen a habit of pious recollection, and cultivate an acquaintance with God, and with his own nearest concerns."

Bates's Rural Philosophy.

CANTO II. *Picturesque view of the country.*

Great nature's volume wide displayed
He views with pure delight,
Tinged sweetly by the ev'ning's shade,
Now sombrous, and now bright;
The parting beams refulgent glow,
While partial shades around them throw
A soft, a soothing charm.

He sees the farm-stead by the hill
'Mongst circling elms repose,
And hears the clack of busy mill,
The homeward cawing crows;
While playful lambs around him bleat,
And breeze of blossomed beans so sweet
Enraptures every sense.

Fixed in enraptured deep regard
The Enthusiast views the scene,
And sees the peasant's rich reward
On every fertile green;
Thrice blest, he hails the rural life,*
Removed beyond the city's strife,
Where all is empty show.

As memory paints the busy scene,
The city's gay parade,
Where infamy its deeds can screen,
Where virtue is betrayed;

* "The world wants repose; and the exhibition of a virtuous and happy retirement has a tendency to quiet its agitation. It shews, that a simple mode of life is sufficient

Exulting, he exclaims how sweet
Contrasted with the crouded street,
How peaceful is this vale !

O'er dark green fields of waving corn
Fall evening's varied shades ;
The hay-ricks sweet the slopes adorn
Where many a floweret fades,
And adds new fragrance to the gale
That nature's votaries pleased inhale,
Enchanted as they stray.

for every purpose of nature or rational enjoyment, and that there is no need to resort to the court or the city, to camps or senates, to theatres or fashionable assemblies, either for occupation or amusement"

Bates's Rural Philosophy.

He saunters through the herbid mead,
Where cheerful milk-maids sing,
'Mongst sweet-breathed kine, which round them feed,
And flowers luxuriant spring;
The bloom of fragrant hawthorn near
Does not in fresher tints appear,
Than each gay maiden's cheek.

The lightly tripping hamlet maid
On rural errand sent,
He sees in better garb arrayed,
As if on *conquest bent*,
For as she gains the village green,
Where swains at evening sports are seen,
She slyly saunters by.

CANTO II. *Rustic contentment.—Cottager's dog.*

Along the path with steady pace,
Returning from his toil,
Contentment lights the peasant's face;
Nor can ambition spoil
The simple pleasures of his cot,
For his the envied happy lot
To know no other joys.

His faithful dog through the long day,
A true and steady friend,
Ne'er from his master's side will stray,
So well he loves to tend
The satchel with the cottage fare,
And coat his daily anxious care,
To which none dare approach.

But now the toil of day is o'er,
WATCH on before quick bounds,
To reach the far off cottage door,
And bark with joyful sounds;
The children, at his well known voice
Come forth, and with him all rejoice,
To see his master near.

The sun now slants o'er heathy hills,
And lingers in the vale,
There sweetly glancing on the rills,
Fringed by the primrose pale,
Or gilding all the flow'ry plain,
Where painters skilled may try in vain
To match the simplest flower.

CANTO II. *Grove scene.*

The Enthusiast wanders where the breeze
Speaks to the melting soul
Amid the pleasing gloom of trees,
Where freed from the control
Of passenger, whose curious gaze,
Marks oft the wanderer as he strays,
And mars his train of thought.

The wing of innocence and love
Flits 'mongst the leafy spray,
And sudden oft the fearful dove
Crosses the tangled way;
Ah! gentle bird, 'tis man you fear,
But stay—no enemy is here
To aim the murd'rous blow.

Is there a heart, when balmy sweets
  Breathe all their fragrance round,
Through Nature's peaceful green retreats,
  Where warblers pour the sound
Of love, of gratitude, and joy?
Is there a heart that would destroy
The harmony divine?

That fatal sound, the sound of death,
  That brings one warbler low,
Bereaves it of that precious breath
  A world can not bestow;
Ah! wanton sport—painful indeed
The thought of such a cruel deed,
To the reflecting mind.

CANTO II. *Effects of rural contemplation.*

The Enthusiast heaves the heart felt sigh,
For every worldly ill,
And leans against the oak hard by,
To list the murm'ring rill;
Again its music sooths his mind
For this gross world too much refin'd,
To taste its common joys.

Alive to all that nature gives,
Throughout the varied year,
For her alone the Enthusiast lives,
To him she's ever dear;
In her a thousand charms he finds,
Charms little prized by vulgar minds,
Who know not how to feel.

The dying note, the humming bee,
Or low of distant kine,
How finely with his soul agree;
While parting beams decline
With fiery grandeur through the trees,
Moved softly by the fragrant breeze,
That undulates the leaves.

The tangled path by peasant made,
Of intricate delight,
He finds amongst the wood's deep shade;
When the soft fall of night
Comes pensive on—the deep repose,
A kind of sacred pleasure throws
O'er the Enthusiast's soul.

Warmed by devotion's fervent glow,
He views the bounteous stores
Which from the God of Nature flow,
And silently adores;
The star, the insect, tree, and flower,
Declare alike the Almighty's power,
His wisdom, and his love.

Of all the great,—the glorious source,
The waves he can command,
Or mighty tempests rushing force,
Collect within his hand;
He guides the blazing meteor's fall,
And comforts those who humbly call
Upon his sacred name.

Beyond the range of worldly things
Faith wafts his tow'ring flight,
Where true devotion ever sings
'Mid scenes of endless light;
The *parent, sister, brother* there,
Beaming like angels heavenly fair,
Seem beck'ning him to bliss.

The ardent wish, the sigh, the tear,
The false ungrateful friend,
Which throw a gloom o'er pleasures here,
He feels can ne'er ascend;
Where souls secure in heavenly bliss
Will smile at such a world as this,
" And wonder why they mourned."

Encircled by the beams of grace,
Pure knowledge all divine,
The ways of Providence shall trace,
Where brightest glories shine,
Glories which mortal ne'er conceived,
But steady faith has e'er believed
To be the soul's reward.

ARGUMENT.

SUN SET.—The scenery of the valley.—The cottage light reminds the Enthusiast of home.—Reflections on old English hospitality, and modern extravagance.—The artificial scenery of the modern villa contrasted with the simplicity of Nature—Its fashionable group—Their neglect of the beauties of Nature, and contempt of the peasantry.—Address to women—Their influence in society.

THE RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

CANTO III.

Lured by the softly tinging gleam
That lingers still behind,
And rests upon the silver stream,
Which through the vallies wind,
With mind attuned to the gay scene,
The Enthusiast wanders down the green
Where many a floweret grows.

How rich, how glowing, and how sweet
The lengthening vale appears,
Where all the rural features meet
That nature's scene endears;
The cottage smoke, the village swain,
And village children on the plain
Bounding in sportive glee.

The cowslip bank, the willowed brook,
Or hanging copse can please,
But still the cottage in the nook,
Beside the sheltering trees,
An interest for itself will claim;
The lattice shows the kindling flame,
And points to happy home.

How rich, how glowing, and how sweet.

CANTO III. *Social feeling.—Gothic hall.*

The social power which heaven ordained
To charm the human breast;
The fretful cynic has proclaimed
On earth a direful pest;
Yet did his sullen pride deny
Its influence, oft the stifled sigh
Would heave for social ties,

He ponders on yon hall of state,
Where many windows shine
With setting beams—their ancient date
Shows well the grand design,
Which form'd the Gothic building's site,
Where lived the brave and valiant knight
Renown'd in Gothic tale.

The Enthusiast sighs for ancient times, *
When high romantic zeal
Made bards rehearse in glowing rhymes
The hero clothed in steel,
Who brav'd all dangers to defend
Each sacred right—the good befriend,
And succour the distress'd.

His hall shed forth the friendly light,
Through elm-trees shady rows,
The weary stranger to invite
To plenty and repose,

* But a single idea of excellence presented to the fertile imagination rouses a long train of corresponding sensations,

And there the hospitable smile
Would oft the pilgrim's woes beguile
Over the social blaze.

But ah! how changed, tho' once such days
That ancient hall has seen,
And all its grandeur now decays,
It shows what *once* has been,
When ev'ry baron's court was home,
Nor tyrant fashion made him roam
To squander wealth away.

which often carry us, as it were, beyond ourselves into the regions of romance and enthusiasm."

Loudon's Treatise on Country Residences.

Forsaken hall!* the Enthusiast cries,
The stillness which pervades
Thy once gay galleries implies,
That all our greatness fades,
That all the native generous fire,
Which could our ancestors inspire,
With them has fled the scene.

* The duties of the master of the family, of the landlord, of the country gentleman, are on many occasions grossly neglected, in consequence of the immoderate indulgence of a propensity to roving. The occupier of the land, deprived of the friendly intercourse, which formerly subsisted between him and the owner, and created a mutual regard, tempered with respect on one side, and strengthened by affability and kindness on the other, is degraded into a dependent on the caprice of a steward.

Dr. Gisborne.

Those widely stretching fertile lands
No rational pleasure brings;
The purse-proud steward there commands,
And the poor tenant wrings
Too often with heart-rending woe,
When forced the comforts to forego,
His family had claimed.

While far remov'd 'mongst guilty joys,
The lordling wastes the day,
His fortune, fame, and health destroys;
Nor can one hour repay
The many wretched days so spent,
Nor bring one moment of content,
To chear the ills of life.*

* The author of Rural Philosophy finely contrasts the

For man so lost the Enthusiast mourns,
As thoughtful on he strays,
Unheeding all the devious turns
Which form the rural maze,
Till a fine villa rising nigh
The ancient hall, attracts his eye,
When other thoughts succeed.

He views it as the gay abode
Of a vain thoughtless man,
Who ne'er discern'd the beaut'ous code
Of Nature's finished plan;

man of landed property, who resides upon his estate, and the man who (to use his own emphatic words) "exchanges the healthy abode of his father, with every manly occupation, for the smoke of cities, and the haunts of gambling, dissipation,

Contrasted, see yon simple dell,
Where sweetly sounds the village bell,
And view her tortured here.

There nature all spontaneous glows
Throughout the sportive scene,
And in her native fragrance blows,
While every varied green
With soften'd harmony combines,
To swell " the curve or mazy lines,"
To wild luxuriant grace.

and lewdness; who prefers the mimicries of art to all the original beauties of nature, and had rather cultivate the barren smiles of a courtier, than his hereditary acres."

The stream meandering loves to glide,
Or murmur through a bed
Of moss-grown rocks, where dark trees hide
The course by which 'tis led,
And where it opens to the mead,
The *willow, bulrush, lily, reed*
Wave cooly o'er the brink.

But here the vainly studied pride
Of *artificial dress,*
Which nature's native charms deride;
The gazer must impress
With laboured skill in all around,
The formal walk, the tasteless mound,
And *fine, clump'd, smoothed lawn.*

"RURAL ENTHUSIASTS"

Pub.d Feb.r 1.1808. by Longman & Co.s Paternoster Row.

CANTO III. *Effects of water in a landscape.*

The water too like silv'ry sheet,
With the tame scene agrees;*
No interesting dark retreat,
No river-loving trees,

* No disinterested person of taste and discernment, who has viewed such scenes, can be insensible of the difference between natural and made pieces of water; and when we reflect that this material is capable of forming the most interesting and enlivening effects in every species of landscape, and yet in so many scenes is at present the most formal and disgusting, the consideration excites the deepest regret. He who can tamely submit to such depraved ideas, who can expend immense sums in deforming nature, and effecting what every enlightened general observer must despise, and from which he himself can never experience lasting pleasure, gives a greater proof of his patience than of his intellectual refinement, and may command attention by his display of wealth; but will never call forth admiration for his judgment in matters of taste, or excite sympathy for his sense of the real beauties of nature.

Loudon on Country Residences.

The smooth turf edge, destroys the brink,
Where the charm'd Muse might "sit and think
How indigent the great."

Oh! ye who form with tasteless skill
The walk, the lawn, the park, *
O let your minds great nature fill,
Her lovely features mark,
The pleasing peep of village spire,
And cottage scenes, learn to admire,
Nor screen them from your view.

* What can be more dull and unnatural, than the modern method of surrounding a house by a naked lawn totally destitute of animation.

Loudon on Country Residences.

CANTO III. *Fashionable group of females.*

As musing the Enthusiast lies
Upon a mossy steep;
No sound is heard but eve's soft sighs,
And the far distant deep,
Till sudden strikes upon his ear
The sound of female voices near,
The villa's noisy group.

A group of fashion's last display
Move carelessly along,
Unmindful of the parting ray,
Or the wood's mellow song,
They hasten homeward there to find
Amusement suited to the mind,
Which fashion has destroyed.

The cottage maid with ribbons bright,
Who passing curtseys low,
Is ridiculed till out of sight,
Their town-bred wit to show ;
Much would they scorn in rural walk,
With labour's humble sons to talk,
Or notice modest worth.

But ah, they pass unheeding by
The locks all silver grey ;
The bending frame, the failing eye,
Which meekly seems to say,
'How hard for reverend age to stand
'With hat held in the palsied hand,
'Beneath the faggot's load.'

But poverty must labour still,
  Though feeble age steals on,
And the dim eyes with tears should fill,
  To think life's vigour gone;
Yet aged weakness would require
The generous fare, the genial fire,
To cherish its decline.

But still the good and virtuous fair
  Declining age will chear,
And with a soothing tender air,
  The tale of sorrow hear;
O'er all its wants complacent bend
The kind assisting hand extend,
And comfort sweet dispense.

Oh! woman, gentler soul of man,
The soother of his care,
When Wisdom formed creation's plan,
All blooming fresh and fair,
Man sighed amid the beaut'ous scene,
He almost wished he had not been,
Till woman blest his sight.

How great then, woman, is thy sway
O'er man's submissive heart;*
'Tis thine to strew with flowers his way,
And every bliss impart;

* Human happiness is on the whole much less affected by great but unfrequent events, whether of prosperity or of adversity, of benefit or of injury, than by small but perpetual recurring incidents of good or evil. Of the latter descrip-

With the sweet influence of thy sex
To sooth when worldly ills perplex,
And gladden social home.

Thy mind all virtue and all grace,
Intelligent, yet gay,
In home its happiness should place,
For worldly scenes betray,

tion, are the effects which the influence of the female character produces. It is not like the periodical inundation of a river, which overspreads once in a year a desert with transient plenty. It is like the dew of heaven, which descends at all seasons, returns after short intervals, and permanently nourishes every herb of the field."

Gisborne's Duties of Women.

It would be of the utmost consequence to society, were the excellent precepts contained in this very valuable work carefully attended to by the female world.

Nor decorate with fashion's dress,
Simplicity can best express,
What wins the soul of man.

The mental flush that sweetly glows
Upon the mantling cheeks, *
Is lovelier far than damask rose,
Whose tint the female seeks
With studied care, to tinge her face,
Yet it can ne'er reflect that mental grace,
Which charms alone the heart.

* That instinctive modesty, so deserving of being cherished, requires, like every other virtue, to be strengthened by culture; and is perhaps of all virtues that, which, when impaired, is the most difficult to be restored to its original sensibility. *Gisborne's Duties of Women.*

CANTO III. *Natural, opposed to artificial, blandishments.*

While all that affectation tries
  Of elegance and ease,
The man of sense will still despise;—
  Can studied manners please?
The native feeling of the heart,
Was never kindled there by art,
To beam its lustre round.

To hail with unaffected smile,
  The neighbour or the friend,
The mourner's grief to steal a while,
  Or tenderly to bend
O'er helpless infancy or age,
With deep respect to list the sage,
Who speaks of wisdom's ways.

The courtesy which rank may claim,
To pay with modest grace,
While humble worth or virtuous fame,
Though in a narrow space
O gentle woman, should from thee
Have those attentions which agree
Best with the feeling mind.

To lowly children of the wild,
With kindly winning mien,
To give instructive converse mild;
Or in the cottage scene,
With easy unaffected air,
To take the *nicely dusted chair*,
And list the rustic tale.

With gentle dignity to show *
What woman can attain,
As from her lips sweet lessons flow,
In wisdom's hallowed strain;
'Tis thus indeed! that women shine,
And round the heart of man entwine
The silken bands of love.

Oh! why should rank or grandeur steal †
Such witching charms away,
Charms, which can make their influence real,
And every heart obey;

* Let talents be graced with simplicity, with good humour and with feminine modesty, and there will seldom be found a husband whose heart they will not warm with delight. *Gisborne.*

† Thoughtless, immersed in trifles, and hurrying with im-

For virtuous rank, with dazzling light,
Spreads far around example bright,
T' illume the female mind.

But still though high-born virtue fades,
And dims the face of day;
Yet noble Percy's* lovely maids
Send forth a splendid ray
Of every virtue, well combined
With all that can adorn the mind,
And captivate the heart.

patience, never satisfied, from one scene of diversion to another; how many women are seen floating down the stream of life, like bubbles on which the sun paints a thousand gaudy colours; and like bubbles vanishing, sooner or later, one after another, and leaving no trace of usefulness behind! *Gisborne.*

* The Northumberland family.

ARGUMENT.

TWILIGHT.—The soothing effects of a still summer's evening.—The influence of scenery in reviving former impressions.—The effect of an ancient building.—The dissipated mind incapable of reflection.—Mist rising from the river.—The Enthusiast returns homewards.—Is met by his sister.—The social board of the evening.

THE RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

CANTO IV.

AROUSED from the long train of thought
Association brings,
The view of hamlet smoke just caught,
Marks where the peasant sings;
The Enthusiast leaves his mossy seat
T' enjoy along the vale's retreat,
The pensive charms of eve.

Can aught give pleasure to the mind
Like eve's still placid hour?
When sentiment is so refined,
That language wants the power
To speak the wish—the ardent prayer,
That kindred souls the bliss might share,
And mingle every thought.

The heart's sad sorrows to unfold,
When youth has no kind friend,
Whose tender care can gently mould
Its feelings, and unbend
The youthful bosom, to bestow
Its confidence, till every woe,
Is banished from the soul.

'Tis then that friendship's beaming eye,
Affectionate and meek,
Can soothe the heart-throb beating high,
And tenderest comfort speak,
Soon as the throb of grief is o'er
Nature's soft scenes will please the more,
And charm the soul to peace.

Sequestered at this silent hour,
The Enthusiast loves to dwell
By sombrous brink, where every flower,
Of days gone by, can tell
The crane's bill blue or lily wild,
Cropt gayly when a happy child,
Unheeding future ill.

In mood peculiar, which conveys
A pleasing sort of pain,
His mind departed joys surveys,
Till music's distant strain
Pours o'er his soul such sweet relief,
Some spirit seems to sooth his grief,
So plaintive is the charm.

The gray-tinged Abbey's mould'ring tower,
Through which the evening gleam,
Shines mildly on the ivy'd bower,
Where owls so dismal scream,
Concealed among the dark'ning shade,
The passing villager afraid,
Suspicious views its gloom.

That gloom so touching to the soul,
When melancholy weeps
Her dewy tears without control;
And through the dark oak sweeps
Her shadowy grandeur in the breeze,
Till wild imagination sees
The spirits of the blest.

The gay may scoff at such a mind,
The wise man too may sneer,
At all those sympathies combin'd,
Which cause the starting tear;
But could they feel the enchanting power*
That charms the soul at this loved hour,
The world would cease to please.

* This defect of sensibility is unfortunate amidst a crea-

That world which, midst the city's noise,
Obstructs each better thought,
Each sweet affection too destroys,
Which nature's scenes first taught;
How different then the still retreat,
Where nature dwells all blooming sweet,
Compared to its vain show.

The vap'ry mist now o'er the meads,
In dewy softness creeps,
And rising from the rustling reeds,
Marks how the river sweeps,

tion infinitely rich with grand and beautiful objects, which imparting something more than images to a mind adapted and habituated to converse with nature, inspire an exquisite sentiment that seems like the emanation of a spirit residing in them. *Foster's Essays.*

In mazy white through rocky woods,
Which echo to the wintry floods,
Or where the valley winds.

Along the river's dewy maze,
Led by the evening star,
The Enthusiast hastens to the blaze
Of faggot shining far,
And soon his Emma, dear, he sees,
Like aerial nymph glide through the trees,
To welcome his return.

Some neighbour or some distant friend,
Is seated at the fire,
But just arrived the night to spend,
And converse to inspire;

The meal so elegantly placed,
By hospitable smiles is graced,
And friendship's social glow.

ARGUMENT.

THE stillness of the Sabbath morning.—The Enthusiast wanders forth to contemplate the beauties of Nature.—Villagers going to church. The Enthusiast's reflections during the walk to church with his sister Emma.—The Sabbath morning of the village contrasted with that of the city.—Rest to brute animals on the Sabbath day recommended.—Devout behaviour of country people in church.—Character of the devout country clergyman.—Villagers coming from church.—The Enthusiast and his sister notice the peasantry.—The social feelings produced by religious exercises.—True religion is shown by benevolent actions.

THE RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

CANTO V.

On Sabbath morn when all is still,
The Enthusiast seeks the grove,
Unheard the clack of busy mill,
Unseen the groups which rove
On other days to rustic toil,—
'Tis Sabbath-rest—the very soil
Shares in the great repose.*

* "There cannot be a more pleasing or a more consolatory idea presented to the human mind, than that of *one*

When all this pleasing stillness reigns,
Nor cottage yet awake,
All nature mute except the strains
Soft caroll'd from the brake;
May not the musing mind suppose
That nature lovelier tints bestows,*
To mark the hallowed morn.

universal pause of labour throughout the whole christian world at the same moment of time; diffusing rest, comfort, and peace, through a large part of the habitable globe, and affording ease and refreshment, not only to the lowest part of our own species, but to their fellow labourers in the brute creation." See a truly eloquent and persuasive sermon on the devout observation of the Lord's day by

Bishop Porteus.

* How truly poetical, and how feelingly expressive of the still solemnity of nature on a Sabbath morning, is the fol-

CANTO V. *Early devotion on the Sabbath.*

Exalted by the pleasing thought,
The Enthusiast all surveys;
His soul with true devotion fraught
Sends up the silent praise
To Nature's God, whose hand he sees
In sprig of moss, in towering trees,
As in the orb above.

lowing beautiful passage in the justly admired Poem of the Sabbath, by James Graham, Esq.

"Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

Thus with a mind where calm delight
And tranquil thoughts prevail,
He slowly leaves the woody height,
And wanders to the dale,
Where stands his home, while the soft sound
Of village bell proclaims around
The sacred day of prayer.

The social meal of breakfast o'er,
Come, Emma, come along,
The Enthusiast cries, who, at the door,
Pleased, views the rustic throng
All straggling to the house of prayer,
Age, youth, and infancy are there,
In decent Sunday's garb.

CANTO V. *Walk to church.—Picturesque groups.*

See how the rural paths now shine,
Where well-dressed peasants walk;
See how yon long green lane they line,
And hear how loud they talk;
Some loiter on the bridge, a while.
Some rest upon the village stile,
Or in the village cot.

Alive to all that gentle love,
Which marks the sacred name
Of brother—and which shines above
A pure celestial flame;
The Enthusiast with a smile bestows
The lovely gift, the first blown rose,
To grace his sister dear.

Then to the ancient village pile,
The happy Emma leads,
The simple bell still sounds the while,
As some old peasant reads,
The rustic lines which point the tomb
Of an old friend—till sorrow's gloom
Pervades his aged breast.

Then look around, my Emma dear,
The tender brother says,
And mark the scenes so pleasing here,
What interest they raise!
Behold how kindly neighbours meet,
And with unpolished kindness greet
The far off hamlet friend.

CANTO V. *Pious demeanour of the country-people.*

See there the matron locks her door,
And saunters slowly on,
Her morning lesson read before,
She silent loves to con,
How pious Emma is her look,
With *sprig of mint* and well used book,
And homespun russet gown.

Yonder the happy mother stands
To bid her children kneel,
See how they cross their little hands,
Such homage how I feel!
It is the homage of the heart,
Unknown to vagrant town-bred art,
And ever must be prized.

The father from the garden brings
A nosegay nicely tied,
And though the steeple bell faint rings,
He waits the rural bride,
His nosegay must her bosom grace,
He is the gardener of the place,
And studies all to please.

These are the sober simple scenes
Which best the heart improve,
Where piety herself demeans
With kind congenial love,
Unlike the vain parade and scorn,
Too often seen on Sabbath morn,
'Mongst the gay haunts of men:

Where rattling carriages annoy
Those who pass humbly by,
And few that Sabbath-rest enjoy,
Proclaimed by the Most High,
While man, obdurate man, for gain,
Adds still another day of pain
To the poor "toil-worn horse."*

* "Look into the streets of this great metropolis on the Lord's day, and see whether they convey the idea of a day of rest, do not our servants and our cattle seem to be almost as fully occupied on that day as on any other? And, as if this was not a sufficient infringement of their rights, we contrive, by needless entertainments at home, and needless journeys abroad, which are often *by choice and inclination reserved* for this very day, to take up all the little remaining part of their leisure time.

"That day seems to be considered by too many, as set apart, by divine and human authority, for the purpose, not of *rest*, but of its direct opposite, the *labour* of *travelling;*

That animal whose wond'rous strength
With patience mildly bends,
And to the journey's tedious length
His useful labour lends
With gen'rous, pliant, noble speed,
We gratefully should tend and feed,
Nor break his Sabbath rest.

But now the village bell has ceased,
The happy virtuous pair,

thus adding one day more of torment to those generous, but wretched animals, whose services they hire; and who, being generally strained beyond their strength, the other six days of the week, have, of all creatures under heaven, the best and most equitable claim to suspension of labour on the seventh. *Bishop Portcus.*

With love and piety increased,
Enter the house of prayer,
They noiseless steal into their seat,
Nor admiration wish to meet
In such a sacred place.

They join in harmony of praise,
And as they humbly kneel,
Their hearts as well as voices raise,
For, ah! their hearts can feel,
They beckon kindly to their pew,
All those who stand, the stranger few,
Religion this commands.

The unassuming pious man,
Whose life example shows,
Unfolds religion's simple plan,
From which true pleasure flows;
And with a mild beseeching grace,
Its influence shining on his face,
He points the path to heaven.

No vacant stare or curious gaze
Disturbs the pious mind,
Which oft the wand'ring thought betrays
To worship ill inclined;
No whisper heard, or leering smile
Is seen throughout this sacred pile,
The pastor each has taught.

He teacheth that God's holy house
For worship was ordained,
And shows how wicked the abuse,
Should e'er it be profaned
By quaint remarks, by nod, or sneer,
Such as in theatres appear,
Or in the worldly scene.

The service o'er, the village throng,
Come forth with decent mien,
And busily the groups among
The good Enthusiast's seen
Enquiring for the sick, or those
On whom his bount'ous heart bestows
The well-timed kind relief.

While Emma kindly smiles on all,
The homespun gown admires,
First shown her in the *cottage call;*
Such notice oft inspires
The busy housewife more to ply
Her frugal care, without the sigh
Of wishing to be great.

Oh, did the wealthy e'er reflect,
What pleasure they might give*
To those whom often they neglect,
Though by their toil they live

* "Among the poor in civilized countries, there is, perhaps, no circumstance more severely felt, than the neglect they meet with from persons of superior condition, and

In all the pomp of useless show,
They'd surely feel the gen'rous glow
Inspire to grateful deeds.

With pleasure sparkling in his eyes,
Derived from virtue's source,
Whence all the christian's joys arise,
Unclouded by remorse;

appears to stigmatise them, as of an inferior species: and if in the hour of distress they meet with an unexpected degree of sympathy, the attention bestowed on their situation is often more soothing than direct benefits, conferred without any appearance of sensibility or concern. When a person of rank treats his inferiors with cordiality, and shows an interest in their welfare, it is seldom that, in any country, this behaviour is not repaid by gratitude and affection."—*The Earl of Selkirk's Observations on the Present State of the Highlands of Scotland, and on the Consequences of Emigration.*

The Enthusiast, through the village way,
Rejoices in the social day,
When all the parish meet:

He forms no visionary creed
Of wild religious zeal,
Which Superstition tends to feed,
The christian's faith to steal;
His creed is better understood,
It is the bliss of doing good,*
With all his heart and soul.

* "How can you more profitably, or delightfully, employ your Sunday leisure, than in the performance of such duties, in demonstrating your piety and gratitude to God, by diffusing joy and comfort to every part you can reach of that creation, which was the work of his hands, and from which he rested on the seventh day."

Bishop Porteus.

ARGUMENT.

SABBATH evening.—Villagers strolling in the fields.—The aged seated at their doors.—The Enthusiast and his sister Emma walk through the village,—They visit the farm and the milking-green.—The village pastor's dwelling.—Cottage lights.—The hour of prayer.—Cottage visits.—The Enthusiast and his sister return home by moon-light, and are welcomed by their domestics.—The Enthusiast's happy life.

THE RURAL ENTHUSIAST.

CANTO VI.

EACH pleasing act of duty o'er,
Which Heaven for good ordained,
The villagers the fields explore,
And some the heights have gained
To gaze on tower or ocean blue,
Whilst at their doors the aged few
Talk o'er the days of youth.

They moralize upon those days,
And many a lesson wise
Comes forth in the unlettered phrase,
That seeks no polished guise;
While through the green lane's shady way,
The rural lovers neat and gay,
Forebode no day of care.

With Emma hanging on his arm,
The Enthusiast all delight,
Visits the village, hamlet, farm,
And hails the blest respite
From labour—when the poor man free,
His wife and little ones can see,
Clad in their best attire.

CANTO VI. *Milking and evening's recreation.*

They wander through the milking green,
The most frequented walk
On Sabbath eve—a cheerful scene,
Where rustics freely talk
Of homely scenes, or distant war,
Their mingling voices sound afar,
And children gambol round.

Long may the poor man's life appear
In Britain thus so blest,
Nor may he ever have to fear
His life will be opprest;
Then, oh! ye Lords of rich domains,
Protect your chief support, the swains,
Who labour for your wealth.

Resplendent streaks now in the west,
Behind the golden fringe,
Of purpled clouds—the plains invest,
With evening's crimson tinge,
The partial beam of fading light
Long burnishes the lattice bright,
And gilds the village spire.

Hard by the good man's dwelling stands
The pastor, friend, and guide;
No observation it commands,
But modest, seeks to hide
'Mongst aged trees its woodbin'd walls,
Which boast no spacious rooms nor halls,
'Tis comfort there prevails.

Oh, happy peaceful blest retreat,
Where mild religion dwells,
Where all the social virtues meet,
And the pure bosom swells
With charity's inspiring sounds,
Which oft on night's still ear rebounds,
And charms the solemn hour.

The lovely landscape fades in night,
Through twilight-shadows grey,
And now the cheerful cottage light
Sheds forth its glimm'ring ray,
By which the father's earnest prayer
Beseeches Heaven's peculiar care,
His family to guard.

And when the simple service ends,
With kind approving smile,
They visit all their cottage friends,
And pleased, converse a while,
Till loud the village clock declares
The hour of rest, when each repairs,
Content, to peaceful sleep.

Then homeward by the moon's pale light,
Which mildly peers around,
And silvers o'er the unclouded night,
When still each village sound
Wrapt in a sacred soothing train
Of thought,—they soon loved home regain,
Where welcome comes from all.

The honest house-dog, fat and large,
Good naturedly proclaims
His master near—true to his charge,
The grateful pat he claims;
Domestic puss, at kitchen fire,
Purring aloud, seems to require
A share of their regard.

The few domestics, good and just,
With cheerful haste obey
Their master's will—nor from their trust
Are ever led astray;
Their love from approbation flows,
The master the example shows,
And they his paths pursue.

While every eve and every morn,
Devotion duly given,
Is in the sweetest strains up-born
To the kind ear of Heaven;
Their grief unheeded ne'er bewails,
But love and harmony prevails
Through the domestic scene.

"Well ordered home," man's best abode
On earth, his soul's sweet rest—
When on life's drear uncertain road,
He there can shelter best;
For when he sees the vengeful clouds
Beneath affection's beams he shrouds,
Forgetful of the world.

From fashion's follies far remote,
And rumour's dread alarms,
They all their tranquil days devote
To nature's simple charms;
The flight of birds, or close of flowers
Reminds them of the pleasing hours
Of reading and repose.

Blest with a sister who can share
His every joy refined;
The Enthusiast feels no bosom-care,
Soothed by a kindred mind;
Be ever thus my gentle maid,
He oft exclaims—in thee's display'd
Virtue's own semblance fair.

While every day some good acquired,
Some useful knowledge gained;
By true benevolence inspired,
And piety unfeigned,
He hails each dell, each tree, each cot,
That marks with interest the spot
Where every swain's a friend.

ELWIN AND ELLEN,

A SIMPLE TALE.

ELWIN AND ELLEN,

A SIMPLE TALE.

Down by yon thorn ('twas there I learn'd the tale,
As evening stole its shadows o'er the green,)
Once lived fair Ellen of the flowery vale,
A lovelier maid, perhaps was never seen.

Oft would she sigh for Elwin far away,
With pensive pleasure listen to the breeze,
As through the woody path she took her way,
To trace his name upon her favourite trees.

Stillness.—Melancholy melody of the grove.

When parting strains sunk sweetly mid the grove,
Till echo plaintive made the notes return,
Up yonder hillock side she loved to rove,
Where gentle ringdoves oft were heard to mourn.

There sad she warbled till meek twilight's breath
No longer bore the heavenly sounds along,
And nature made the pause be still as death,
That silence e'en might listen to her song.

But, ah! how fell the demon who inspired
The thought, and sent it to fair Ellen's ear;
It was vain Edmund—he the maid admired,
But Ellen scorned his hated love to hear.

Lover's grave.—Effects of peace.

Your Elwin's gone, struck to poor Ellen's heart,
His parents now are drown'd in silent grief;
To her no joy the world could now impart,
But death soon gave her soul the wished relief.

The trembling blades on Ellen's earthy bed,
Moved by the passing breeze would pensive wave,
And footsteps there by sympathy first led,
Had ceased to linger near her silent grave.

When peace proclaimed, again rejoiced our isle,
And every distant village caught the sound,
From wrinkled age to dimpled youth the smile
Of joy and pleasure on each face was found.

Parental sorrow.— Picturesque description.

The ancient couple seated at their door,
Would mournful listen to the village hum,
With tears their duteous Elwin's loss deplore,
And wail the hapless day he heard the drum.

No prop, no comfort soothed their fast decline,
My child! my child! the sobbing mother cries,
Had I again beheld that face of thine!
Oh! hadst thou come to close thy mother's eyes.

The red'ning sun sunk o'er the heath-clad hill,
The setting beams illumed the cottage smoke,
When a lone trav'ller cross'd the little rill,
Which gurgles by yon widely spreading oak.

ELWIN and ELLEN.

Soldier's return to his father's cottage.

"See, 'tis a soldier," quick exclaimed the pair,
While at the sight their sorrowing hearts beat high;
Alas! my son, 'tis more than I can bear,
Said the poor father with a rending sigh.

At thy return may be some father's breast,
Shall feel the rapture of a parent's joy;
Some tender mother's cares be lull'd to rest,
When clinging round her dear, her long lost boy.

My poor worn heart at sight of him grows warm,
A soldier ne'er shall want a shelter here,
The very name conveys a woeful charm!
Let me invite him to our cottage cheer.

Parental feelings.—Rustic sensibility.

I'll think I see my darling son again,
When of the wars and soldiers toils he speaks,
'Twill only give a keener edge to pain,
'Twill only add more furrows to my cheeks.

And, oh! if souls may steal a glance from Heaven,
A look of pity to those left on earth,
Our much-loved Elwin may that look have given,
And seen the pangs of those who gave him birth

Here ceas'd the aged father—yet the tear,
Which dim'd his weaken'd sight stood on his eye;
And when the way worn traveller came near,
Loudly he sobb'd, and, oh! his heart beat high.

Meeting of parents with their lost son.

He moved, then leant upon his staff a while,
Then begged the soldier to become his guest,
But when he saw his long lost Elwin smile,
What varied feelings melted in his breast.

Description here shall ne'er attempt the scene,
For what could speak the feelings of the pair,
When Elwin reached the little cottage greên,
Their age's blessing and their youthful care.

But as their joy subsides, and chilly eve
Kindles the sparkling faggot's social blaze,
Lorn Philomel was only heard to grieve,
For Pœbus had withdrawn his cheering rays.

Soldier's adventures and unshaken love.

Set by the fire, the soldier told his tale
Of many hardships, and of many slain;
The father's face was flushed and then was pale,
The mother wept and said "I'm blessed again."

But filial duty only had allayed
The throb of love for Ellen beating high,
Still in his partial bosom lived the maid,
For her mid noisy camps he heaved the sigh.

His trembling lips soft whispered the dear name,
But the full soul of love can seldom speak;
Timidity oft flutters round the flame,
When the big heart would information seek.

Soldier's evening visit to his Ellen's cottage.

Now the brown ale had frequent gone its round,
And the blest couple's gratitude was given
In fervent prayer—when wrap'd in sleep profound,
They dreamt of Elwin, and they seemed in heaven.

While Elwin soft unbarred the cottage door,
And with a lover's haste flew down the vale,
The little path so often trod before,
Again he traced, and heard the ringdoves wail.

He paused—a breezy murmur moved the trees,
A silvery brightness spangled o'er the brook,
And Ellen's cottage in the dell he sees,
But boding feelings mingled with the look.

Mingled emotions approaching the cottage.

The fine arch'd sky a glowing lustre shed
On every tree that graced the peaceful spot,
Reflected by the glowing lines of red,
And golden clouds which hovered o'er the spot.

Yet did a cloud of mild, but solemn mien,
Obstruct at intervals the partial light,
And steal its pensive shadows o'er the scene,
As if poor Elwin's sanguine hopes to blight.

The darken'd lattice tells that all is still,
Sighed forth the youth—but had sweet Ellen known
Her Elwin had escaped from every ill,
She would to bliss his arms ere this have flown.

Lover's eager conjectures.

But ah! the thoughts despair—can she be fled,
Yes, smiling, fled—with some new favoured swain,
Believing Elwin in his gory bed,
Far distant, laid among the mangled slain.

Or now perhaps while sorrow heaves her breast,
And tears destroy the lustre of her eyes,
Wringing her lily hands, bereaved of rest,
She plaintive oft my Elwin, Elwin cries!

All gracious power! let me relieve her woe,
Let me this instant tell her every thought,
Let me, my truth—my faith—my rapture show!
To her, for whom, midst battle's rage I fought.

Melancholy forebodings in the church-yard.

But hush, this tumult, lest it should alarm
Her gentle spirit—if in slumber sweet ;
Her beauteous head reclines on her white arm,
And dreams foretel her Elwin soon she'll meet.

Thus sigh'd forth Elwin's love, when from that spot,
That sacred spot, where tranquil sleep the dead,
Came the owl's plainings, Elwin left the cot
To linger there by melancholy led.

For melancholy sudden spread her gloom,
As through the tangl'd path he took his way,
Nor thought he once so soon to view the tomb
Of her, who frequent trod that path to pray.

Discovery of Ellen's tomb.

The holy pile stood near the lime trees' shade,
Which oft had whisper'd to the breath of even;
The straggling wild flower oft had ope'd to fade,
Emblem of those to whom the earth was given.

His manly form walk'd slowly o'er the scene,
A transient gleam of pleasure warm'd his cheek,
As silvery beams in the old porch were seen,
For there he hop'd to enter ere a week.

With Ellen dear to part from her no more,
But angels pitied! when on the next stone
He turn'd, and saw what he had pass'd before,
Which told "her virtues might have grac'd a throne."

True consolation for woe.

Ye heavenly tribe! whose ever guardian care
Unseen attend in such a woe struck hour!
At mercy's call ye surely hover'd there,
And soothed poor Elwin with angelic power!

Yes, to his aid each gentle spirit came,
Soft whisper'd Heaven and Ellen in his ear;
Rous'd in his breast again the filial flame,
As resignation wip'd the falling tear.

Time soothed the sorrows of poor Elwin's breast,
Till every thought was form'd to cherish age,
And when his soul refused to be at rest,
The church-yard could alone his grief assuage.

Pious resignation.

Now ye who read, arraign not Heaven's decrees;
Nor scan what here weak mortals cannot know;
For oft a passenger the flowcret sees,
Plucks it to wither, e'er it opes to blow.

WINTER.

Now with his sable robe and look severe,
Rough Winter seizes on the parting year;
The sky all clouded mourns the absent ray,
And dark and dismal sadness marks the day;
Before the angry howl that strips the shade,
The beech-leaves in the path-way now are laid;
Where late the breezes with soft pleasing sound,
Bade calm reflection view the leaf-strewed ground;
Then let us pass the Winter's evening long,
Not mid the bustle of the madden'd throng,
But in the social circle by the fire,
Where converse and th' instructive page inspire.

THE DAYS OF OTHER TIMES.

I have considered the days of old, and the years that are past.
PSALM lxxvii. Ver. 5.

HARK! to the knell of passing time,
'Tis but the village clock's slow chime;
While moon beams up yon mountain climb;—
'Twas so in other days.

The village church peeps from the trees,
Which rustle in the nightly breeze;
And fancy aerial beings sees;—
'Twas thus in other times.

Picturesque night-scene.

A midnight voice speaks to the soul,
'Tis but the village cur's drear howl,
Or plaintive moaning of the owl;—
'Twas so in other times.

As sombrous shadows meet the eye;
The circling bat sails slowly by;
While sparkling stars adorn the sky;—
'Twas so in other times.

The mourner wanders forth and mourns;
The pensive lover home returns,
Though dissipation's light still burns;—
'Twas so in other times.

Pensiveness—Sorrow—Reflection.

The man of sorrow views the scene,
With folded arms and pensive mien;
Thinks of the days that he has seen;—
The days of other times:

Thinks of his happiness now fled;
Sighs for those mingled with the dead;
And by reflective feelings led;—
He's lost in other times.

The thoughtful wanderer loves to roam
Amongst the well known scenes of home,
Or near the ancient ivy'd dome,
To muse on other times.

Influence of early Impressions.

He views the tree whose friendly shade,
Shelters the spot where once he played
In infancy, all undismayed
By care for other times :

That tree where first his ripening mind,
A thousand pleasures joyed to find ;
He sat beneath with parents kind,
Who told of other times.

He views the garden's flowery round,
Where shrubs of ancient date abound,
Luxuriant on the rising mound ;—
'Twas form'd in other times.

Vestiges of ancient grandeur.

He views the mouldering ivy'd wall;
He views the hospitable hall,
Where oft has shone the midnight ball,
In gay and happier times.

He gazes on the craggy steep,
Then on the village drown'd in sleep;
Lists to the distant murmuring deep,
And sighs for other times.

The lowly peasant just awake,
Recall'd by dreams, reviews the brake,
Where he at dusky hour would shake,
At tales of other times.

Peasant's cot and burial-place of his fathers.

His native cot he sees hard by;
The church-yard where his kindred lie;
And then he heaves the deep drawn sigh,
At thought of other times.

The worldling and the man of state,
Whatever difference marks their fate,
Will yet recall the distant date
Of scenes in other times.

Though dazzled by the world's parade;
Though in the garb of wealth array'd;
The magic charm will often fade;—
They'll sigh for other times.

The vicissitudes of time affect all minds.

The brightest blaze of polish'd art
Cannot that glow of warmth impart,
Which finely lights the human heart,
Inspired by happier times.

The vainest mind at times will dwell
On other years, old stories tell,
And muse to hear the passing knell,
Which buries other times.

But is it of a gentler kind;
A thousand tender feelings bind;
As every moment brings to mind
The days of other times.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT,

BORN AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

Born in an inauspicious hour,
Thy infant smiles had not the power
To steal a mother's grief;
But as thy op'ning mind appears
'Twill charm away sad sorrow's tears,
And bring her some relief;
Though grief obscured thy natal morn,
Nor father smiled when thou wert born,
And pressed thee to his breast,
Yet the great Father of the earth,
Who graciously ordained thy birth,
Will lead thee to the blest.

HENRY's ADDRESS TO AMANDA.

Femmina è cosa mobil per natura :
Tal non sei tu, Amanda, immagin vera
Di salda fè, cui virtù schietta e pura
Sicvrò da tutta la femminea schiera.

PAGNINI.

LOVE's pains and joys through every age
Have been an endless theme,
They've troubl'd oft the greatest sage,
And fill'd his nightly dream ;
To paint its rivalries and fears
Our poets all have strove,
The rosy smiles, the pearly tears
Of this all conq'ring love.

Effects of love.—Jealousy.

The lover's heart they have pourtray'd,
Its ravings and despair,
All bleeding for some peerless maid,
Beyond all others fair;
A rival's glance is worse than death,
Through woods and wilds he'll rove,
Should jealousy's too cruel sting
E'er mingle with his love.

I've mark'd the raving lover's air,
I've read the poet's song.
I've notic'd oft the dangler's stare,
'Mid the assembl'd throng;
If such the language of the heart,
Amanda mine must prove,

Description of a true lover.

I cannot act the lover's part,
Or know not how to love.

My love, Amanda, 's of that kind,
Which angel's might behold,
I doat upon thy polish'd mind,
Cast in a kindred mould;
I cannot frame the flatt'ring tale,
My actions best can prove,
When language weak would only fail
To tell how much I love.

If frequent gazing on thy face,
To view the mental charms,

Characters and causes of a virtuous lover.

Which in its varying tints I trace,
My glowing bosom warms;
Oh! then, Amanda, then indeed,
My eyes, my soul, may prove,
Should you their language deign to read,
They'll tell how much I love.

When friendship's social powers engage
Each mental charm to shine,
With treasures from sweet wisdom's page,
How well selected thine;
My fix'd attention best can speak
How much I all approve,
As virtue mantles in your cheek,
And whispers me to love.

Stability of a rational attachment.

No steady gaze, nor rival's flame
Can rankling fears inspire,
If thou art still to me the same,
All mankind may admire;
Thy beaming smile, my best reward,
To me will ever prove,
That thou, Amanda, dost regard
With gratitude my love.

Thy gentle bosom ever glows
With mild affection's beam,
While sympathy's true feeling flows
From virtue's hallow'd stream;
The suff'ring heart with care opprest,
Will never fail to move

Effects of female grace and innocence.

The tenderness of such a breast,
And claim its pitying love.

Amanda, when thou'rt from my sight,
Each modest female grace,
Which gives my soul such fond delight,
Absence can ne'er efface;
And when again thy smiles I see,
My every look may prove
How dear thy presence is to me,
And how sincere my love.

There is a world, Amanda dear,
A world of future bliss,

Celestial happiness and eternal love.

Where ne'er is seen the bitter tear,
Affection sheds in this;
Where joy celestial ever reigns,
While smiling seraphs prove
The heavenly music of those strains,
That hymn eternal love.

THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

Could the skilful painter's aid,
All thy mental charms combine,
Then would creation's fairest maid
Upon the glowing canvass shine.

FRIENDSHIP.

"There is not room enough for friendship to unfold itself in full bloom, in such a nook of life as this."

COWPER'S Letters.

So spoke a pure and tender mind,
By every nobler thought refined,
Where all the sympathies combin'd,
To exalt to higher views.

Well did the pious Cowper know,
That in a world so full of woe,
This lovely plant could never blow,
In all its native charms.

Transitory state of friendship.

For in the valley's still retreat,
Should we the unsullied flow'ret meet,
The passenger's unwary feet
Its beauty oft destroys.

And if the bud is seen at morn,
The sunny pathway to adorn,
The unrelenting hand of scorn
Will pluck it ere it blows.

Or envy with her withering blasts,
Rueful each genial beam o'ercasts,
Its native powers too soon exhausts,
And spoils its every charm.

Friendship's immortal nature.

But in that world where mercy throws
The beams of grace o'er former woes,
And bliss unspeakable bestows
This blossom will expand.

Nor shall the tears shed o'er the tomb,
E'er bend its head, or check its bloom,
For there removed from earthly gloom,
'Twill blow where angels smile.

ON A

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WITHOUT SENSE,

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Fair Nissa's face is beauteous as the rose,
But from her lips no mental beauty flows,
Ah! could she as a picture mute appear,
Her looks would charm, her words ne'er wound the ear.

TO LAURA.

" At every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush."

THOMSON.

O LAURA, never strive to hide
That sweet attractive glow,
Though fashion's front dares to deride,
Can it such beauty show ?

The heart's best feelings tinge thy cheeks
With nature's lovely dies ;
And all its native goodness speaks
In thy mild beaming eyes,

Preservation of real beauty.

Then be it thy peculiar care,
Sweet Laura, thus to shine,
Nor let the lure of fashion's air
E'er steal that blush of thine.

For though the garden's rich parterre
Shows every varied hue;
The valley's flower is yet more fair,
Which shuns the gazer's view.

CONTEMPT OF RICHES.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

The man content with what his station gives,
A life of true enjoyment only lives,
Possessed of sense that makes him truly wise,
The wealth of Lydia's king he can despise.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

WRITTEN ON TAKING LEAVE OF A MUCH BELOVED SPOT.

THE dimpled hill, the flowing dale,
The scenes oft wander'd o'er,
My favourite trees and shrubs I hail,
Alas! for me no more.

The varied flowers luxuriant bloom,
While music cheers the grove;
But ah! to quit them is my doom,
And the dear spot I love.

Remembrance of juvenile days.

O, happy birds,—O, lovely flowers,
Were mine the earthly bliss,
With you to pass the peaceful hours
In such a spot as this.

Each face my infant days have known,
The village and the cot,
The primrose bank so early blown,
Can e'er they be forgot?

But chief yon sacred pile which stands
Amid the ancient shade,
It all my soul at once commands,
For there lost friends are laid.

Sympathy and pleasing associations

When balmy summer gives her smile,
That parting smile at eve,
Will rest upon the village pile,
And sympathy will grieve.

Some peasant by yon hedge of rose,
Perhaps with glowing breast,
May simply tell the fate of those,
Who in the cold tomb rest.

Adieu the hill, the grove, the field,
Adieu the sea-beat shore;
Ye scenes which sweet composure yield,
Alas! for me no more!

THE COTTAGE.

I love to wander in the woody dell,
Where at the rill's side hangs the wild hair bell;
Where the arched trees in leafy grandeur shade;
And where the peasant woos the blushing maid;
Where cooing ringdoves' soft responsive note
Meets the sweet pipe that through the vallies float;
And the perched thrush, with clear melodious song,
Fills up the pause—and leads my steps along
Where bashful cowslips in the meadows shine;
And where the wild rose and the woodbine twine
Round the thatched cottage—far removed from care;
See, how its curling smoke ascends in air;

Rustic family scene.

See on the rustic seat 'mongst infant din,
The happy mother busy sits to spin;
The village news by neighbouring peasant told;
The father reads aloud some legend old,
So pass the evening hours of rural life,
Free from ambition's vanity and strife.

FALSE GREATNESS.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PAGNINI.

Thou boastest of thy riches and thy state,
Can ancestry or riches make thee great?
Ah! no, the vilest mob will odium throw,
And penetrate the gaudy vest of show.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

PSALM, cvii. ver. 8.

YE beings who have souls empowered
To reach a world of bliss,
Are ye so sunk—so sadly lowered
Amid the scenes of this,
So lost in striving for each toy
Its honors can bestow,
That gratitude's exalted joy
Ne'er from your bosoms flow.

Sluggard's life contrasted with the ambitious.

While 'mongst the sons of anxious care,
Who toil for gilded pride,
Each active spirit takes a share,
And spreads contagion wide;
And every whisper that would say
Have other scenes in view,
Unheeded passes as the ray
That spangles early dew.

For when that splendid ray first shines
To wake the lovely morn,
And every op'ning flower combines
The meadows to adorn;
Man sluggish on his couch still lies,
Consuming half the day,

Charms of the feathered minstrels.

Nor will he, lost to nature, rise
To list the blackbird's lay.

At morning's dawn, his charming note,
Sends up the song of praise;
At eve his warblings softly float
The parting hymn to raise;
Then pause ye thoughtless—and admire
This tenant of the grove;
Oh! let each note your souls inspire
With gratitude and love.

STANZAS

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF SELKIRK,

ON READING HIS BOOK ON EMIGRATION.

Oh could I on angelic wing
Like Milton's genius rise,
Thy praise, great Selkirk, I would sing,
In strains to reach the skies;
Though humble my poetic fire,
Yet still to thee I'll tune the lyre,
Thy virtues will my theme inspire,
Thy deeds will grace my song.

Behold ye great who live supine,
How virtue can engage
In arduous deeds, and nobly shine;
O read a Selkirk's page,

Descriptive scene.—Prince Edward's Isle.

Where every generous feeling glows,
With pity for the poor man's woes,
And eloquence her charm bestows
To plead in virtue's cause.

At once the reader sees the blaze*
Rise from Prince Edward's Isle,
He hears the full heart's ardent praise,
He sees the grateful smile;

* "I arrived at the place late in the evening, and it had then a very striking appearance. Each family had kindled a large fire near their *wigwam*, and round these were assembled groupes of figures, whose peculiar national dress added to the singularity of the surrounding scene. Confused heaps of baggage were every where piled together beside their wild habitations; and by the number of fires, the whole woods were illuminated."—*The Earl of Selkirk's Observations on Emigration*, p. 199.

Effects and beauty of beneficence.

When Selkirk 'mid the scene appears,
And sooths with kind regard their fears,
His presence soon the place endears,
And stills the clamorous crowd.

The warrior for a time may claim
The multitude's applause;
The man of learning high in fame
May scan all nature's laws;
Yet when life's fleeting day is o'er,
Shall orphans tears their loss deplore,
Or shall the pride of learning's store,
Bestow a deathless name.

The brightest wreath of fame decays,
The poet's laurels fade,

Immortality of virtue.—Permanence of gratitude.

Nor can his finely polished lays
The hand of time evade;
But virtue, "amaranthine flower"
More fragrant blossoms every hour,
And blooms in heaven beyond the power
Of mortal blast to blight.

That flower for thee shall ever bloom
Great Selkirk, for the prayer
Of gratitude survives the tomb,
And sheds its influence where
The generous philanthropic mind
Its true felicity shall find,
And gain those heights of bliss design'd
For the aspiring soul.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MAXWELL GARTHSHORE,

M. D. F. R. S. & A. S. &c. &c.

How noble! how exalted is the mind
Where science and where virtue are combin'd,
That brings those laurels, time can never fade,
This heavenly wisdom's brightest lessons aid;
And if blest Charity's true genial glow
Her lovely influence shall there bestow,
In deeds beneficent—all human praise
Is vain and empty when it seeks to raise
This mind, which best in its own light can shine;
Such Garthshore is that virtuous mind of thine.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO P. COLQUHOUN, ESQ. LL.D.

ON READING HIS TREATISE ON INDIGENCE.

When genius nobly takes the pen,
Fair wisdom to dispense,
Or to instruct the minds of men,
We venerate the sense
Which can such pleasing thoughts convey,
As light the mind by truth's clear ray
To reach at length the skies.

But what the love and grateful praise,
Which from all hearts must flow
To him whose pen attempts to raise
The poor from sloth and woe;

Importance of attention to the poor.

What is the wisdom of the sage
Compared to his who would assuage
The sufferings of the poor.*

Then should the friends to Britain's weal
Take up the common cause;
What pleasure must thy bosom feel,
Colquhoun, what just applause
Must ever stamp thy glorious fame,
When thousands daily bless thy name,
A name which ne'er can die.

* See also very able and interesting Letters on this subject in the "Reports of the Society for bettering the Condition and increasing the Comforts of the Poor."—*By Thomas Bernard, Esq.*

CHARITY.

The following Lines were written after hearing the Girls of Langbourn-ward Charity-school unite in singing their Creator's praise, at the house of Gideon Hebert, Esq.

Oh, London, full of vice and woe,
Of folly, vanity, and show,
I look on thee dismayed;
And ting'd with all the poet's gloom,
In dismal hues I paint thy doom,
By busy fancy swayed.

But like a ray of heavenly light,
Which breaks upon the pilgrim's sight,
When weary and opprest;
Thy deeds of charity dispel
Those gloomy thoughts, and sweetly swell
The feelings of my breast.

The excellence of charity-schools.

To soothing hope—for still the smile
Of heaven will rest upon our isle;
  Attracted by the grace
Of those whose deeds on record stand,
To save, perhaps, a wicked land,
  And its dread sins erase.

Such deeds as thine, whose modest fame,
Oh! Hebert, seeks no loud acclaim,
  Or sycophant's vain praise;
The sweet reward alone you find
In training the neglected mind
  To shine in virtue's ways.

LINES

Written on reading "The Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge; with an Account of his Life, by Robert Southey, Esq."

Thy gentle spirit now is fled,
Thy body in its earthy bed
Is laid in peaceful sleep;
A spirit good and pure as thine,
Best in immortal scenes can shine,
Though friends are left to weep.

When in this dreary dark abode,
Bewildered in life's mazy road,
The weary trav'ller sighs;
A rising star sometimes appears,

Powers of fate and genius.

Illumes the path his bosom cheers,
And lights him to the skies.

Oh, had thy valued life been spared,
Hadst thou the vineyard's labour shared,
What glowing fruits of love,
Thou might'st have added to the stores
Purchased by him thy soul adores,
Now in the realms above.

Ah! loss severe! reflect ye great,
Ye rich, ye powerful, on the fate
Of merit's early doom;*
Those dazzling gems ye so much prize,

* The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation; and Mr.

Liberality to youths of genius.

Perhaps in dread array may rise
In judgment from the tomb.

A single gem of useless show
Might everlasting lustre throw
Upon the eternal mind;
Did gentle offices employ
Those hours which fashion's ways destroy,
Those hours for good design'd.

Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of 66l. pe annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Simeon. Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations; every University honor was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medalist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree: but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. *See the interesting account of the Life of H. K. White, by Robert Southey, Esq.*

Appeal to the wealthy.—True goodness.

Peruse the letters of a youth,
Whose pen was dipt in heavenly truth,
His virtuous struggles trace;
Then will thy melting bosoms bleed,
And quicken there the precious seed
Of self-renewing grace.

Then will be clearly understood
'The luxury of doing good,'
And O how happy they
Whose means are great and hearts are large,
Who best the sacred trust discharge
To him who will repay.

THE KINDRED MIND.

Perchè si piace a Nisa Egon? Perch'ei,
Quant'è più sciocco più somiglia lei. PAGNINI.

CAN all the glare of India's treasures,—
Can all the boasted worldly pleasures,
With rank and fame combin'd,
That dear delightful glow impart,
Which animates the human heart,
When with a *kindred mind?*

Though wit and talents all admire,
Yet can the brightest wit inspire
That sympathy refin'd?
Which gives the cheek its lovely glow,
That glance which nothing can bestow,
But the dear *kindred mind.*

Pleasures of a congenial mind.—Forbearance.

The dazzling scene, the shining ball,
The gilded room, the spacious hall,
May captivate mankind;
But I those bawbles would resign,
Were but the peaceful cottage mine,
And the dear *kindred mind.*

AN APOLOGY

FOR THE FAILINGS OF A FRIEND.

When virtue, learning, talents, grace the man,
Each little failing should not meet our scan;
Specks sometimes on the brightest gems appear,
And human frailties oft the friend endear;
That bosom most can pity when it feels
The frailties which sweet confidence reveals.

THE

AUTUMNAL EVENING BLAST.

Like the memory of the past,
Sudden comes the evening blast,
Sobbing loud it now complains,
Soft it dies away in strains;
Sweetly mournful as the wire,
That trembles in Æolian lyre;
Hollow murmurs now succeed,
As if parting spirit freed
From the anguished bed of death,
Groaned the last sad mortal breath;

Inducements to reflection.—Sympathy.

All is hush—but now the breeze
Undulates the waving trees;
Hark! again the rushing sound
Strews the fading leaves around;
Ah! how soothing to the mind,
When to pensive thoughts inclined.

ABSENCE

What pleasure can brighten the mind,
What sound can enrapture the ear,
Can beauty and riches combin'd
Atone for lost sympathy's tear.

Feelings awakened by absence.

For the glance which attachment bestows,
For the priz'd approbation of smiles,
For the heart whose rich current o'erflows
With kindness, and sorrow beguiles;
Ah! is the soul blest with these charms,
By absence bereft of their sweets,
Each trifle that bosom alarms,
Which 'mongst the world's follies it meets,
While lost is each finer delight,
Which mind richly gifted supplies;
Day's beauties seem ting'd by sad night,
And the summer's gay zephyrs seem sighs.
Domestic endearments no more
Enliven the faggot at eve;
The song and the jest are then o'er,
For the soul can do nothing but grieve.

TO ISABELLA,

ON SEEING A PRIMROSE EARLY IN SPRING.

HAIL! modest flower, first of thy kind,
Which early spring has oped to view,
Thy simple beauties all combined
Peep out amid the spangled dew;

Thou art not formed 'mongst the display
Of the trim-bordered garden's pride,
Nor in the daisied meads so gay,
In woody nooks thou lov'st to hide.

Retiring disposition of lovely innocence.

The gentle Isabella's mien,
How emblematic of this flower,
She ever quits the busy scene,
And sweetly seeks the tranquil hour;

The charming mirror in her eyes
Reflects a soul that may be scann'd,
For like its soft and lovely dies,
She too is formed by nature's hand.

TO BURNS IN HEAVEN.*

Thy noble soul can now expand in bliss
Beyond the reach of every earthly power,
A soul not meant for such a world as this,
From which it shrunk like spring's first infant flower.

Thy feelings varied as the vivid leaf,
Unfolded all their treasures to the ray,
That shone deceitful on thy morn of grief,
Nor gave their genial essence to the day.

* See Burns's Poem, entitled, "TO MARY IN HEAVEN."

Misfortunes and influence of genius.

Yes! thou wert lured by the too fervent beam,
To risk the nipping cold's unfriendly blast,
And chill indifference with-held the gleam,
Which might have brighten'd up the cloudy past.

Now sympathy steals softly to my breast,
As thus I view the "glomin" eve retire,
And from thy spirit mingled with the blest,
Catch a faint gleam of thy poetic fire.

For fancy now delights to paint the scene
Where Nith's clear stream in softest murmur flows:
As thus enraptured, loitering o'er the green,
Oft hast thou seen the shadowy evening close.

Perpetuity of the poet's song.

And still thy much lov'd stream glides smooth along,
The varied spring as sweetly decks its groves;
Though lost amid their shades the poet's song,
And *Burns* upon its banks no longer roves.

But gentle beings who frequent the shade,
In sweetest numbers will thy praises breathe;
For thee the Muses have entwined a wreath
Of choicest flowers, which time can never fade.

HAPPINESS,

WRITTEN ON READING AN ETHICAL TREATISE ON THE PASSIONS, BY T. COGAN, M. D.

How often we sigh and lament
For the causes of trouble and woe,
But we seek not their course to prevent,
Nor the torrent from whence they all flow.

With care did we probe the deep source
Of each passion that springs in the mind,
And all the mild virtues enforce,
We then true enjoyment should find.

Importance of reasoning on the passions.

Such reasoning, oh Cogan, as thine,
If deeply impressed on the soul,
Would enrich it with precepts divine,
And every wild passion control;

When you paint all the passions at rest;
When you trace the true source of delight,
What sentiments rise in the breast;
What scenes seem to gladden the sight;

Shall love universal appear;
Shall e'er its mild influence abound;
'Tis minds such as thine that must clear
The darkness—and spread it around.

SOCIAL AFFECTION.

" Man lights up the countenance of man."
DR. COGAN.

THOUGH all the charms of nature were displayed,
Glowing with summer's every varied die,
Were man to wander lonely through each shade
Unblest, for something more his soul would sigh;
Yes, he would sigh to meet the *face divine,*
Whose smile approving would at once inspire
His bosom, and on every feature shine,
While beauties past before he would admire.

GRATITUDE,

FROM DR. COGAN.

When gratitude a generous bosom warms,
Through all the soul it spreads peculiar charms;
The love of justice seizes on the heart,
And bids it all the good received impart,
The *willing bondage* gives a sacred joy,
A sweet sensation time can ne'er destroy.

THE MORN OF YOUTH.

Though charming be the prospect of life's dawn,
When sun-beams break refulgent on the morn,
When youth is blooming as the flow'ry lawn,
And hope is bright as dew-drops on the thorn.

Feeling views of youth.

The fearless passenger of life's long way
Anticipates in youth's fair morn each scene
That fancy promises—nor dreads the day
May over-cast, and darken every green.

Light hearted skipping through the flowery nook,
How beautiful—how lovely all appears—
He oft exclaims, with many a transient look,
Which never penetrates the vale of years.

THE END.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Fleet Street, London.

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